

## SPEECHLESS

Ink blotted fingertips and the crack  
of crumpled paper crinkling in  
my hands;

pages upon pages of meaningless  
words—a one-sided conversation,  
one-quarter ink, one-quarter repetition and  
two-quarters someone else's voice.

They ask me if I am sick.

They ask me if I am lonely.

They ask me if I need help.

I write,  
*It's hard to explain.*  
*I just got bored.*

My mouth dribbles spit,  
nonsense, and lies, but my hands  
cannot bleed hokum.

Looks of confusion. They try to trick me  
into opening my mouth, but I've taken  
*a metaphorical needle and thread to my lips;*  
I have traded my voice for a pen.

I write,  
*I don't expect you to get it.*  
*You wouldn't understand.*